

Dadwolf goes shopping, Shits on Employees

Written by Filth Hound

A silly Filthville Short

The Stallion Boys relief stations outside the 'Grope N' Go' were packed to the point the breeding saddles were being used on both ends by massive horse-cocked anthros of all kinds in service dom harnesses. Collared with their master's contact info and their pet names dangling from ornate collars they were tethered and locked to the breeding posts with. Silicon bulging obscenely around the massive girths of the cocks desperately thrusting into them, the translucent silicon able to show cocks rubbing and grinding against cocks. Flaring, moaning, cum firing out both ends as huge and heavy balls gurgled and sloshed. Drenching abs and bellies in a fresh coat of jizz. Others were pleasuring the sex slaves of others as masters of all brands had their boys under the fans whirring away to keep sweaty bodies somewhat cool in the darkness of the day. A small parking lot bathed in neon blue light looked out upon a dirty and dingy street amidst the flicker of holograms and the passing of a bus on stilts running just underneath the monorail line above it. Grope N' Go being the Red Light District subsidiary of Uptown's Gulp N' Go. A more sexualized sister branch of the premier small shops and grocery stores of Predator Row and neighborhoods around it. Not that the distinguishing of brands prevented plenty of vore.

Airbrakes hiss and the buss stops outside the Grope N' Go, bus lowering off its mechanical stilts to offload and take on new passengers. As it does a large, black stretch limousine pulls into the parkinglot, 'DADWOLF1' emblazoned in black and gold on the license plate. Filthville's flags grazing the flanks of both sides of the front of the vehicle. Once it pulls up to the storefront double doors hiss and open outwards and upwards on their own. A stinking, vile miasma spills out of the limo as a dark ebon claw picks from fangs the sizes of sabers. A vulpine skull dangling from a finger before clawed hands grasp the sides of the exit. A dark gray and black lupine sticks his head out and belches monstrously loudly. Its so loud the windows of the storefront vibrate and rattle from the sheer power of those inhuman lungs. Sloshing and shifting a slightly distended gut with he distinct bulging markings of skulls and bones settling in the giant wolf's abdomen this titan of a wolf climbs out and stands up to his full height. At least fourteen feet tall he towers over the others at the relief station who cannot help but notice that colossal semi-erect equine shaft drooling dark precome over the pavement.

Slightly hung over from the last night's party and not wanting to get an earful from upset owners that would have to pick their BDSM gear out of predator shit again he mulls over his options as the veins of his cock engorge, throbbing to seeing such very fine lads. What wasn't to

love? A black and sticky tongue ran over those fangs hungrily, the ground itself rattling to the wolf's heavy gait you could hear as if stomping into the concrete and asphalt over fifty feet away. "Good afternoon boys," those glossy black and yellow eyes blinked, pupils glowing amidst the neon glow of the streets.

"I haven't cum in a few hours and your hot cocks and asses are giving me absolute blue balls here. Unless your owners would mind you shitting out the bones of whoever I got leftover in my sac," the wolf chimed excitedly and in a otherworldly tone. His voice carried a dark undertone to it with its overtones that seemed to echo off the walls.

Nervously, a neon blue-haired German Sheppard hesitantly spoke up, frotting with a equally stunned gazelle across to him. They were sharing the same cum-drenched breeding saddle. The stench from the limo finally overpowers the draft of the fans around them, the two realizing this gigantic wolf absolutely reeks like a full lockerroom's worth of dirty jocks marinated in sweaty ass with distinct undertones of old cum and piss mixed in with what was undeniably shit.

"That's it my little colt, whinny for daddy!" gritting his fangs, Reign took firming hold of one of the canine's sides in one hand while the other tugged at a magical chain that had found its way wrapped around the g-shep's neck, the dog's eyes rolling back as a obscenely huge bulge travelled up his abdomen and outwards in the unmistakable shape of a cock. In-fact, his stomach looked painted almost around its throbbing contours as the direwolf hilted himself inside the far smaller male.

Having come out to overhear the dirty talk black and neon blue eyes had already met seeing his property getting fucked out in front. Though that didn't stop the vulpine incubus from leaning back, cock-in-hand, and set his bags aside to enjoy the show. Especially when he got to hear his normally cocky lover's voice break into whimpers and whines, practically begging the giant wolf to slow down. Ass doing backflips to how obscenely wide he was stretched. Poor prostate saw the wolf's cock practically punch the cum right out of him, showering the gazelle and nearby studs in seed.

"Goddamn you must be a virgin back here. So fucking tight," Reign mused, teasing the man. In truth the german sheppard was anything but virgin. His fox fisted him every day. Tomorrow was actually the day the fox would take him to the clinic to finally get his ass modified to resemble a big bloated horse's anus. Now he may not even have to anymore watching his boy get his shitter obscenely resized dozens of times over in ways not even he could do even if he'd shoved his entire boy up his stallion's colon. After hosing down the walls of the tent in hundreds of gallons of hyperpotent wolf cum Reign even got a thank you for once from a very enamored incubus fox

that loved the sheer GAPE of his husband sex slave's ass.

"Fuuuuck honey your so goddamned huge," the fox couldn't help but almost squeak in delight coming up to the used g-shep like he was the best Christmas present ever and today was absolutely Christmas. Not even keeping up appearances could prevent him from letting pronouns slip seeing that much to his absolute joy there was a massive fat pucker there now. A proper doughnut from the extraordinary fucking he'd just endured. He'd have to figure out how to even get his spent stallion on the bus when he looked ready to pass out from exhaustion he was so... so very used. It was his first time seeing this much ahegao on his face. Admittedly, his cock couldn't hardly get any harder as much like a spent cumrag the all-too-familiar looking wolf moved on without ceremony or fanfare.

"Kinda jealous. He had to be special. Not every day the king fucks your pony," another owner mused, it dawning on the fox then why the wolf looked so familiar.

'Ho boy' Reign thought to himself looking at the... woefully very... very small shopping carts. While large to a normal-sized anthro they didn't even go up to his ankles. Looking past the doors Reign struggled to even get a claw under the handles of the baskets by the entrance. He may have actually accidentally crushed them a little in jostling his claws around to try to hook one under a handle. Half-sighing and half snorting the wolf admitted defeat and returned to the carts, pulling one back and lifting the silvery aluminum carriage into his arms. Specifically placing it between his bulging right pectoral and bicep. The great and mighty king of Filthville makes the gruesome mistake of getting off his fat ass and attempting to actually shop at his local grocery mart. What could go wrong?

'What could go wrong indeed' Reign thought to himself, staring out at the isles that were perfect for two or three shoppers to go down... felt like very narrow passages to the oversized load that was the sheer girth of the wolf's fat ass and hips that would struggle in these isles, not counting his cock that would surely get all over everything. There were not exactly stores made for titans his size, not when friends and family usually did the shopping for boys his size. Unfortunately for dadwolf he was going over to TJ's for a grillout and his sons were not always available to give their old man a hand. Part of getting older meant he was practically forcing himself into these situations just to stave off boredom.

Reign in anthro form is over fourteen feet tall of pure muscle swinging around a cock so thick it makes a tree trunk look small in comparison. There are Veins in Reign's cock thicker than some anthro's necks are. He practically was swinging around a siege weapon swaying between his thighs walking in, all streaked in shit and dripping in errant cum. Reign gave his rugged mane a

rub, thinking of where to go over the beeping of the checkout machines and the drone of cheesy shopping ambience in his ears. The speakers were always much louder when the ceiling while tall to others were not far from his eartips.

The isles of a mart are the stuff of NIGHTMARES for a man of Reign's colossal size. Everything and I do mean EVERYTHING is so... so very smol. Reign's got his shopping cart right? Its so small he can cradle it in his biceps like the shopping cart is merely a shopping basket for fit for a small child's playset. Reign's fumbling around and scrolling through the only thing scaled for his colossal size which is his cellphone. Reinforced and built for a behemoth his size he can actually thumb through and scroll through the shopping list of things his family needs. More akin to the size of a military-grade tablet. Waterproof, shock resistant to be completely immune from damage being dropped, and the screen reinforced to withstand Reign's tapping and touch without breaking or burning out sensors. Being a devout nudist Reign merely kept his cellphone in a pouch connected to his scarf he wore around with its royal accents.

'Max. Can we have a shopping basket made that is... you know. Actually -me- sized?' Reign texted to his sourcing chief for Lycanhalle.

'A you-sized shopping basket? What for? Are you... don't tell me you are actually shopping,' his contact texted back. Reign's ears splayed a bit.

'Yes I am'

'Do you even own a civilian banking account? The Secretary of the Treasury is going to be pissed if the Nation of Filthville for some reason incurs a random debit for a market purchase made actually directly billable to the Department of the Treasury Reign. That is not just your funds it's the national reserve in there,' Max replied, the wolf's ears perking as he actually struggled to remember if he did have a normal bank account. He never usually went shopping. Oh gods. Was this his mid-century crisis!? Life felt a bit inaccurate when he was immortal.

"Okay, okay okay. Let me call Vahmir and see if we can credit your driver to compensate him for anything you want to buy. Just don't tap that phone on the pinpad till we actually KNOW what if anything your phone is tied to financially. For all we know if its setup for tap it's the Department of the Treasury. How do you not know anyways?'

'I NEVER hardly use this thing Max. If I want to talk to my family I simply use the hive. This is still a physical phone too. I am a bit nervous about that tech my sons are using where they plug the phone right in your head now and days, literally. I know that is like standard now but eeeeh,' the

wolf sighed and hit send.

‘xD Not going to comment on that boss.’

‘Are you calling me an old man? -w-’

‘I am keeping my maw shut. Now shuddap and get your groceries lol.’

These isles, these fucking isles are so very cramped and tight. Reign cannot move past if others are in the way. Reign is so big you don’t move around him, if he is coming down the isle either you go all the way around or just get flat-out knocked over. There is a fourteen-foot titan shambling down the isle with the grace of a bumbling bull moose with enough weight you not only hear every footstep with every move he makes but it is tearing up and cratering the concrete and linoleum. His balls pass by without knocking things off the shelves if by mere inches. All whilst dropping his cock over the tops of the isles. Subjecting unsuspecting patrons on the other side with a surprise shower of precome.

He's making his way down these isles, knocking over shit from his fat ass and balls constantly getting in the way. His tail is dragging boxes and items off the top shelves behind him in equal measure to his fat cock. People in the other isle scream as cans and jars collapse off the shelves from bumping the shelving too hard on accident. Its pure grocery-related anarchy with a cleanup on isles four and five.

Reign is instantly reminded why Seth does all the shopping for the house. Seth WARNED him he should go instead. Reign shrugged.

A random shopper got in the way of his dick and is now half-way down into his nutsack without him even realizing right away he just cockvored a random shopper for simply getting in the way. King of Filthville and he is damn near tripping over the cans of Del' Monte and Goya trying to wedge his way through the isles to the meat section. As boxes of rice fall down on people in the other isle behind him.

Reign has to duck not to smack his face into the isle signs of each isle that are right in his face at his height. It’s like watching Jack Sparrow go shopping if he was a gigantic gay fourteen foot tall werewolf adjacent direwolf with a cock that makes a 280mm howitzer jealous.

When your dad and big brother are over ten foot tall giants swinging around dicks that make tree trunks look tame in comparison you wind up being the errand boy because unlike most in

your family your actually five foot four in Seth's case. He's not as unwieldy as his family is. You're as close to normal as it gets despite being a walking natural disaster just waiting to happen when you take a shit.

Anyways ignoring the chaos you left behind in the canned foods isle you stumble your way across the market floor while desperately needing to take a shit. The urge to take a fat fucking shit nags at you and becomes ever increasingly hard to ignore while every chilled food bunker starts looking like a potential toilet to you for brief and fleeting relief.

"H-hah...aaah" half-bewildered Reign can barely sputter the words out because other shoppers know his face and immediately start lavishing his cock right at the deli front. Licking, kissing, stroking. Cock sent throbbing right over the counter. The poor meat cutter in front just gets a full facial of precome right to the face that can only be measured in US gallons there is just so much of it. Every throb just announces a new surge of buckets worth of pre-seed that spill all over the floors and equipment in back. It's a miracle he isn't already on a trip down your urethra like the last guy... or gal. Its really hard to know who you late ate when its practically second nature. People just sorta die inside him at random throughout the day every day its impossible to keep track of it all. Reign has already SHOWERED more than half the deli back area in cock slop and hasn't even placed an order yet.

Everyone is staring at him. Reign -really- has to shit bad, and bless his soul this deli clerk utterly soaked in precome is trying his best to keep a straight face in front of this giant who just nearly drowned him alive in the discharge right out his cock.

The bones of the digested in his ballsac and clattering over the floor of the deli to this throbbing giant who places a simple enough order. All the chicken, pork, beef, and spicy cheese the deli has.

It is the biggest payday the deli has ever seen in years. Thousands of dollars are on the line in the biggest payday the deli has ever seen and... mother of god this cock getting right in your... way. Its weeping head smacking you in the face.

The king of the nation you call home is showering you in his cock fluids right outside your deli with his throbbing member in your face. Your coworkers come to your rescue to take care of others. Nothing is spared to ensure you have all the time you want or need to entertain and address this giant. You are in the most unique position your job has ever offered you.

He... likes you, Calls you cute.

Turns out you both started playing the same games online. He breaks out into a full blown conversation with you while that cock nearly blasts one of your coworkers clear off his feet when it slips past the displays.

Never in your wildest dreams would you picture yourself trying to keep up a conversation while trying to slice up over twenty pounds of spicy Colby, Swiss, and American cheese.

The urge to shit hits and your cock jumps watching that colossal sweaty shit hole convulse and twitch in real time. The glass actually CRACKS under the weight of that ass that looms over the counter. Your king backs that dumptruck up, destination right down your own throat.

The experience is unforgettable. The sheer force you throated those logs of shit in itself is a source of pride for yourself. All you can remember so very clearly is that ass. That glorious heavy ass about to shit you and your entire deli into the stone age. You... dear gods your cock is incapable of going flaccid even if you wanted it to. The mere thought of that humongous fat doughnut makes your mouth water uncontrollably. He shits all over you, riding your face and soon down to your shoulders until stopping your sucked inside with a loud, sloppy braaaap that sprays errant shit all over the deli.

'Went into work today. Not even two hours in and this massive wolf started shitting on me treating me like a dildo. Now I'm in his ass and think I'm about to be churned. Send help pls 🙏💩'

And all you see in the picture is fleshy colon walls, shit, and a skull with a coworker's hat drenched in shit on it.

Comments filled with friends who literally dropped what they were doing to be next complaining they must have missed him in the comments. Others talking about how the store is once again closed because half the staff got digested again and piles of shit all the way to the ceilings just fill the isles.

